

Sketches of Little OLD NEW YORK By H. T. Webster

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—The old summer straw hat did not pass out of usage on September 15—the official date for having it broken up by burning on the stick or the ash can. Down on the street corners they began early in the morning to break up all the straw hats.

This year they did not start the massacre. Brokers are not so care-

free with their money as they used to be. The sense of the majority of folk will be attested by wearing the straw hats until the frost comes along and bites it.

While New York has got off more easily than some other cities during the present hot spell—it has caused much suffering on the East Side, where families are packed in like bees

in a hive. Office workers are denounc-

ing the fact that while 1915 has given them a second summer it has produced no such phenomenon as a second vacation.

H. T. Webster, the cartoonist, has become an author. Some time ago a smooth talking representative of the Doran publishing house urged Webster to group his human-interest cartoons under one cover. "In a moment of mental aberration," says Webster, "I succumbed. Only he didn't exactly say it that way. It sometimes becomes necessary to polish up cartoonists' language."

The book is now on all the New York newsstands and is called "Our Boyhood Ambitions and Other Thrills."

Webster draws cartoons for some 100 newspapers and the book represents the pick of the lot. It is said that Tomahawk, Wisconsin, is greatly set up over the new publication. Webster is a native of Tomahawk, and the nearest they have had to a celebrity outside of Webster was a lightning rod agent who eloped with a millionaire's daughter in Milwaukee.

It is told that Sir Charles Napier once sent a raging lion whinpering into the jungle by standing still and gazing at the beast fearlessly. Over in the Olymper street station in Brooklyn the other day an excited perspiring man with terror in his eyes rushed into the building.

"Hold me," he screamed, "hold me, I'm going mad and I'll kill some one." Lieutenant Gude compares favorably in excitability to a cake of ice. He was writing when the man came in and after putting down his pen got up quietly and walked bravely toward the man.

The visitor was crouched for a spring but the lieutenant kept on moving toward him. When he got within two feet the wild-eyed visitor crumpled up in a heap on the floor. "I

guess I am all right," he cried, "but I must have been the best." An old left the station in a few minutes perfectly composed.

Florence Curran is here hunting a job. She wants to act Shakespeare and is willing to wash the dishes but she bars the chorus. Florence used to play classic roles out in Des Moines—which is a few miles west of Broadway.

She has grown weary with touring the theatrical agencies and a little hungry too, so she has modified her program but not her aspirations. Zoe Reckley, a sob sister on the Evening Mail, was beating out a story on her typewriter when she heard a voice at her elbow—a voice with a slight hitch.

It was Florence Curran, an actress. The story of ambition and hope and then disappointment and despair. The old story of the nice girl with firm belief in her talent, a tiny bit of money and an attractive face trying to make her way alone in New York. "Newspapers help people to get work," she said, "so I thought I would come in." She got a job that will tide her over.

FIGHT UNDER SHADOW OF A HISTORIC PEAK

Mount Ararat is the Troubled Boundary Mark between Russia and Turkey.

(SPECIAL TO THE TELEGRAM)
WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—"Mount Ararat, where there has hardly been a moment's peace since Noah and his ark grounded upon its massive shoulder, is at present the huge troubled boundary mark between the Ottoman Empire and Russia, and under the shadow of the historic peak the fighting lines of Osmania and Russian have been swaying back and forth never far beyond the lines of the frontier," begins the bulletin issued today by the National Geographic Society. "Ararat is the hub of Armenia, the original home of the Haik people. It is also the center of what has ever been the most troubled area on earth. Tribes of Europe and of Asia have fought each other here from the dawn of history, and the remnants from the battles have settled as neighbors, hating, despoiling, massacring one another. Caucasian history has always been of blood and destruction, of savagery and sudden death, of blackest treachery and heartless cruelty—a book whose every page is written full of killings and desolations. Dramatic horror has ever stalked around Ararat's broad base, and the border warfare now in progress forms no hiatus in the land's normal life."

Rise to the Clouds.
"Ararat is one of the most impressive of earth's mountains, for it rises sheer to the clouds out of an immense plain, with no neighboring peaks to soften its isolation and to take from its majesty. A mighty Mount Everest is set well within a massive, sky-touching range of mountains; Mount Blanc is merely one of several imposing fellows, but Ararat stands up with only a background of sky and plain and a frame of little mountains, a splendid thing without a peer. The dominant mountain is split into two peaks, Great and Little Ararat. Great Ararat rises to a height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Little Ararat, where the boundaries of the Ottoman empire, of Russia and of Persia meet, reaches an altitude of 12,840 feet. Though the snow-line here is very high, 14,000 feet, the dome of Great Ararat is covered

with glittering fields of unbroken white. Pastures begin little below the snow-line, and below the pasture runs a belt of for the most part sterile land, purplish-blue Ararat rests its foot in a golden plain, a plain of golden sands, splashed with vivid greens and reds, which shimmer like a Persian carpet.

A vast wealth of legend surrounds the mountain, which has always deeply impressed the imaginations of the peoples who have wandered passed or settled beneath it. The Armenian priests long believed that the wonderful mysteries of its summits might never be surveyed by human eyes, and all thought of scaling Ararat was considered almost in the light of sacrilege. The Armenians have also held that they are the first people after the flood, so to speak; for the first village that Noah founded after abandoning the Ark was Nakhichevan, so Armenian thinks, that his people were the first race of men to grow up in the world after the flood.

Mrs. Noah Buried There.
"The name Ararat means 'high.' The Persian name for the mountain, Koh-i-Nuh, means 'Noah's mountain.' It has been determined by the natives that the Garden of Eden was placed in the valley of the Aarxes, a valley which at the present time enjoys blessings that go far toward strengthening its wonderful claim. Noah's wife was buried in this valley near the mountain, and grapes are still grown there, whose vines are the direct descendants of vines planted by Noah."

"Ararat was first ascended by the German, Parrot, in 1629. The suc-

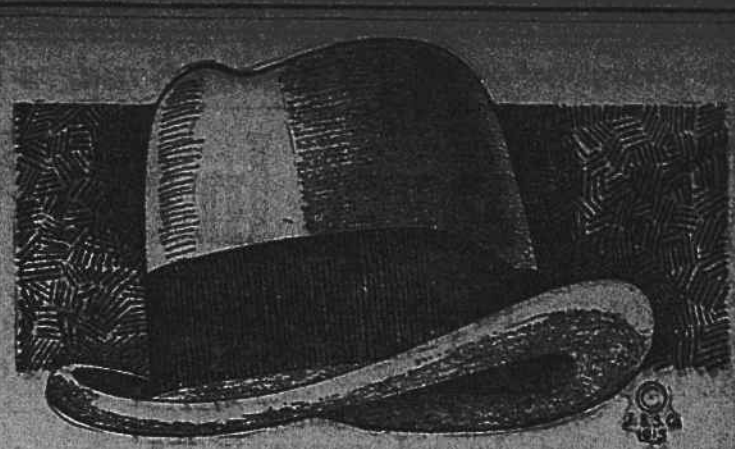
cess of his undertaking is said to have given a rude shock to the Armenian churchmen, who strongly advised against the prying into the sacred mountain's summit secrets. The climb has been made by quite a number of 'high tourists' since, among them being James Bryce, the noted British diplomat. The ascent is said to be an easy one for the experienced mountaineer."

An electric fire-alarm siren invented by a Denver man has been heard eleven miles.

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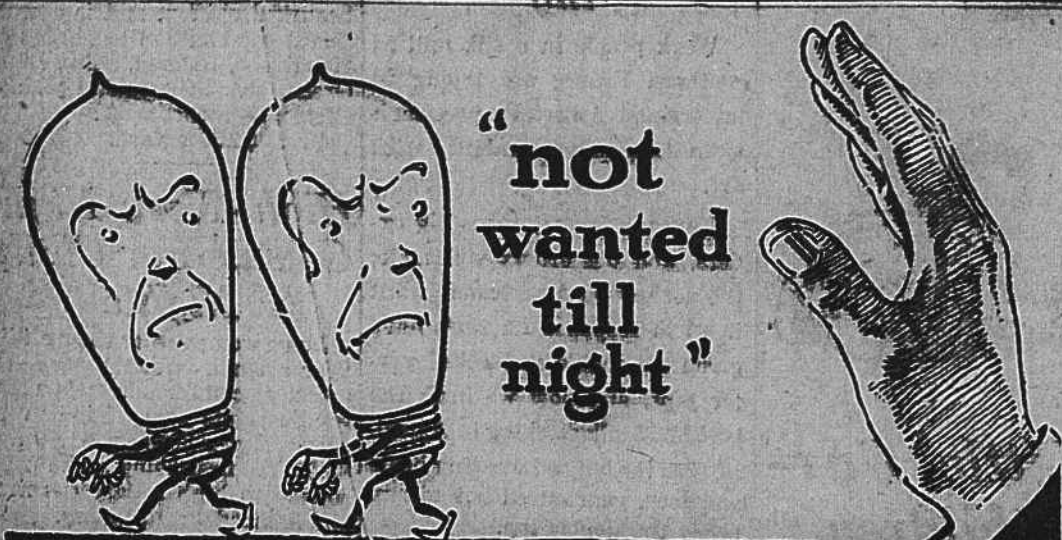
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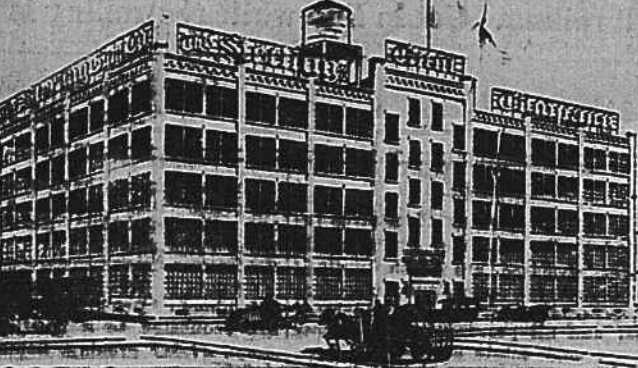
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